

URGE

*[From Proto-Italic *worgeo, from Proto-Indo-European *w(o)r??-eye-, from *wer??- (“bind, squeeze”) (compare German würgen (“to strangle”), Lithuanian ver~žti (“to string, tighten, constrict”), Russian (poetic) ?????? (otverzát’, “to open”, literally “to untie”), Polish otwierac (“to open”)), English worry, wring.*

-ÚRG, -URGÍE elem. „creator, creatie”. (< fr. -urge, -urgie, cf. gr. -ourgos, -ourgia)]

SWAMP// From up high we see a city and then we notice a swamp. We go closer and closer to the water surface and we cross into...

ROOM // ...a room filled with crumpled tent tarp of 3 x 5/8 meters

Beneath the window there is a red bed or mattress.

Onto which **Lio**, a boy with a black face is dancing fear and distress and tension.

From the tarp appears **Gia** a wondrous being from another universe.

She adapts to the world around her in weird perceptions and moods

She has her palms and face covered in gold glitter.

He has his face covered in black. Muted.

After a time she recognizes Lio as a being and approaches him. Very careful, very in tune and empathic with what Lio is feeling. She enters his world more and more.

She touches him, he doesn't feel her. He is not able to experience another being outside himself. She needs to get inside him. They begin to meld, to exchange discoveries.

Each one speaking his own body language.

Step by step they begin to explore their souls. Their mirrored movements. The sensations that take them beyond.

She somehow reaches on top of him. Covering him like a blanket. Moving like himself but restraining him to lie back on the red bed.

Until he becomes aware of her, like for the first time in the world, like a new amazing discovery. And she is above him, sliding in him. Dancing inside and outside him. He comes up standing, they are now embraced. Face to face. Body to body.

On her face, on his face too. Brief changes with the face of the other. A joining is happening. The gold face becomes black. A black face becomes golden. And clean. Flashes.

As she is dancing ontop of him. As we see her from behind in silhouette sliding up his body to get him free. As we see him coming after her. Wanting her more and more, again and again. Both black figures on the light outside. Both dancing weird as touching the air to push it away from them.

He comes up to her and begins to play his black face to her golden face. Bit by bit, weirdly their faces become nonfaces. And their faces become clean. They play with their faces one into the other. Identity into identity. They kiss with their eyes closed.

And they slowly open their eyes. And they see each other and they connect. Eye to eye. One eye. Dual eye. In which their bodies contorted, devoid of soul, chained one to another are circling in the green crumbled tarp [reverse motion]. Bodies in the eye. Until the bodies are eaten by the tarp and transforms all in a swamp landscape - Vacaresti Lake - and we can hear the nature too. It becomes all so very real.

And somewhere in a hidden corner on the ground, there is a small pile of gold. On which drips very slowly a few drops of blood.

END